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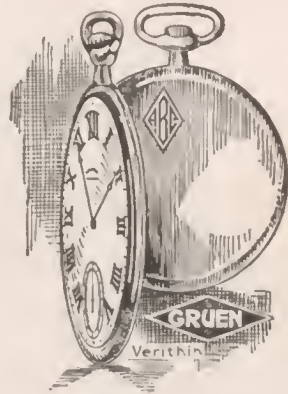
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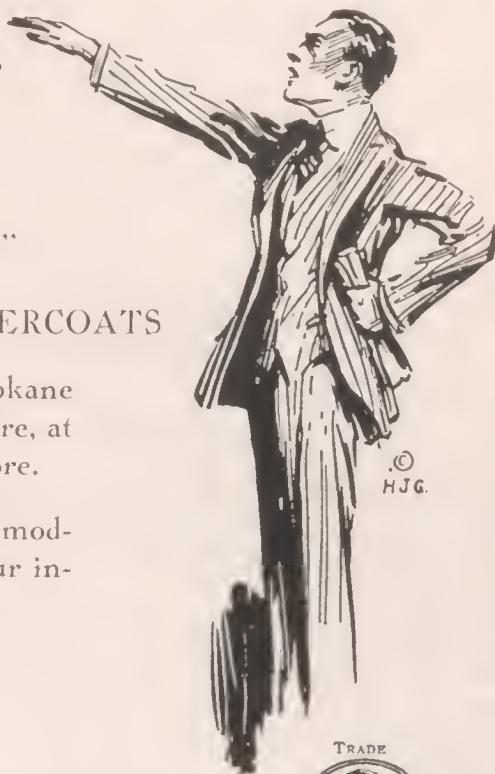
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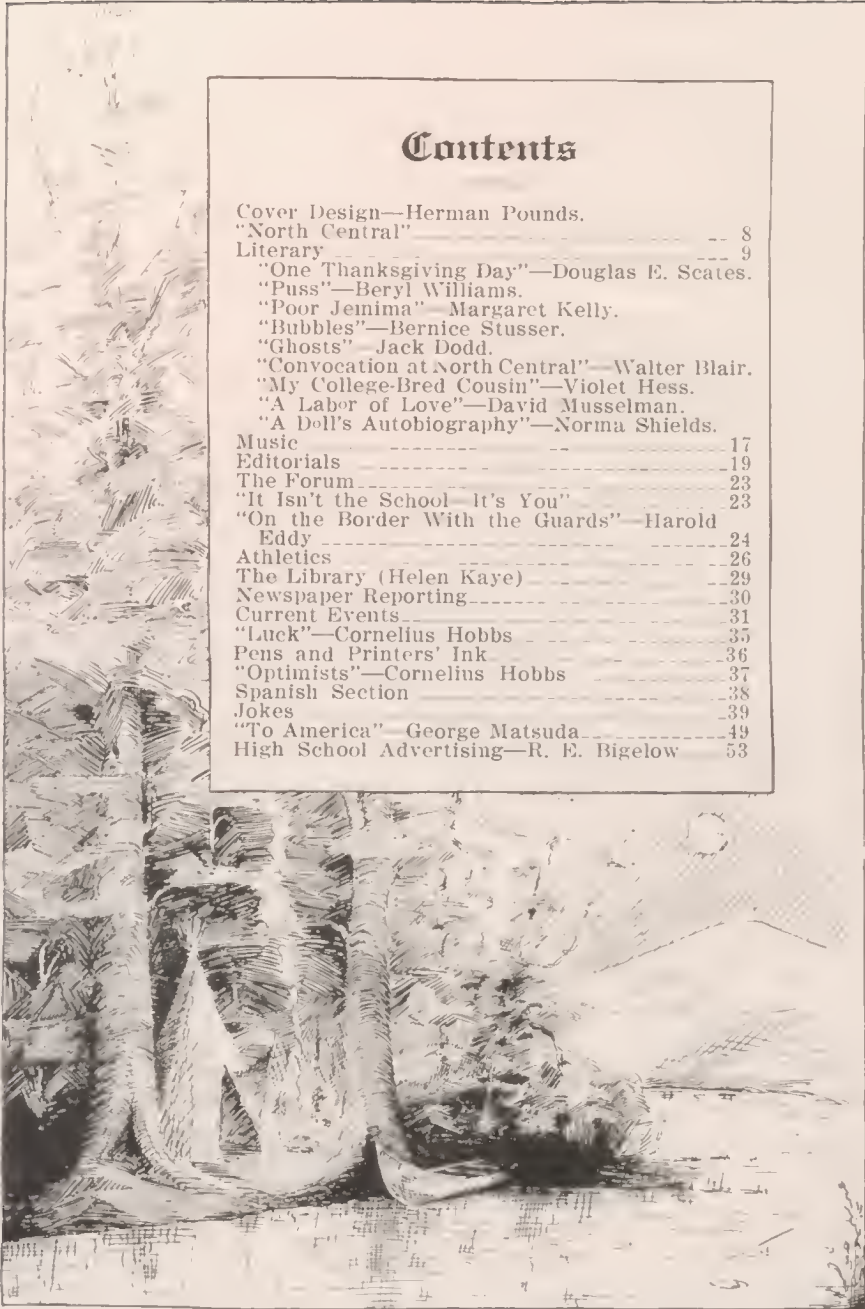
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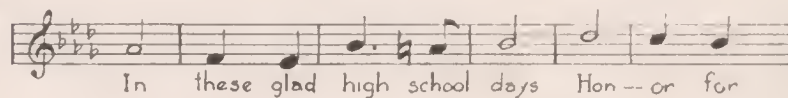
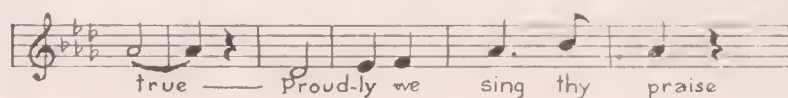
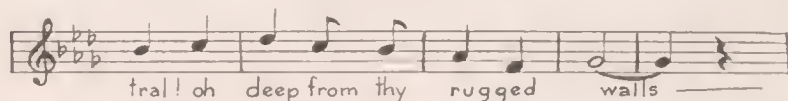
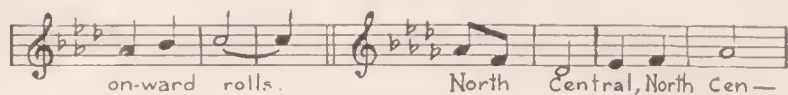
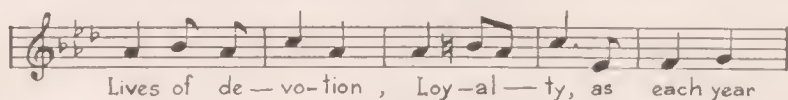
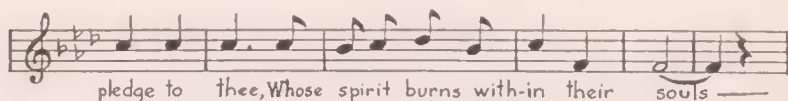
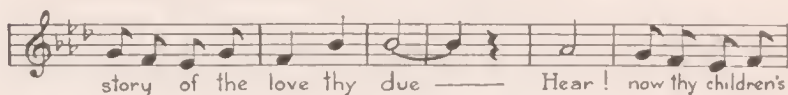
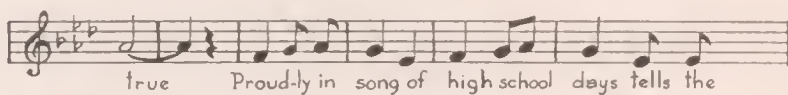
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NORTH CENTRAL

Words by
William Wilson

Music by
Donald Wilson



Designed by Loris Henry.

MASQUE'S PRIZE WINNING SONG



ONE THANKSGIVING DAY

Douglas E. Scates.

EARLY Thanksgiving morning Frank rolled out of bed and stepped to the window. A light snow was softly fluttering down to add itself to the three inches already on the ground. The air was crisp and fresh, and as he looked out upon the scene he could not help exclaiming, "Gee! What a peach of a day!"

His plans for the day were already formed. The morning would be spent over at Bob's house reading and passing away the time around the fireplace. In the afternoon there was the big football game, and then the big dinner at home. The evening was to be a "good-time social" over at Helen's. What a day!

Stretched before the fireplace a few hours later with books propped up in front of them, Frank and Bob were oblivious to all around them. It was still snowing outside, but the hearth-fire burned all the more brightly, as the boys read on.

Frank had just begun a Christmas story by Dickens, when he

got tired of reading and rolled closer to the fire to think a while. He closed his eyes and was soon in the land of slumber, where he was living with his forefathers, on another Thanksgiving Day. He was going with all the people of the town to the church. It was very cold, and a bitter wind was blowing, but he was wrapped up warm and did not mind it.

When he entered the church after climbing a small hill, he could notice the people more carefully. All the men had brought guns with them, and a guard was standing without. But a deep sense of reverence was upon everybody, and before the meeting was dismissed, he began to catch their spirit. The colonists had gathered to thank God for having watched over their small number and preserved them. The last winter had been a dreadful struggle; and this one might have seen the last of them disappear. So they had come to return thanks that they had food enough to live on, and could keep warm, for this was the winter of 1621, at Plymouth.

Frank at first did not see what they had to be thankful for. He had a realization that he had all they had, and yet he did not feel

unusually thankful. But he did not possess as they did, for to have anything really is to possess the secret of its meaning, to know its purpose, and to realize its value. In the little that they possessed, they had more than Frank had with all his luxuries. This he began to feel as the minister preached and prayed.

The meeting over, the people returned to their simple homes. The afternoon was passed indoors, where the little ones heard stories on the laps of their parents, and where the fathers and mothers enjoyed the peace and quiet that comes with an humble heart.

At supper time (their Thanksgiving Day dinner) with bowed heads they again gave thanks for the bare sufficiency of which they might partake.

"Frank, Frank!" shouted Bob, laughing all over, "wake up! What's the matter with you? Don't you know it's almost noon? Wow-ee, I just read the swellest joke," and he proceeded to tell it.

Frank was slightly out of sorts for being disturbed, but he tried to be pleasant. He picked up his book again, but his mind was on his dream and he read intermittently. The story, however, was the spirit of his dream in expression, and he finally finished it. With a rather sudden "Good-bye," he departed and went home. And he thought as he went.

"Mother," he said as he went into the kitchen, where his mother was busy over a big range, "you remember that poor family Aunty was telling us about? Couldn't we send them a little

of what we are going to have for dinner?"

"Why, Frank, what's got into you, anyway? Put another stick of wood in the fire there."

"Well, mother, they can't have much to be thankful for, and we will have lots left over."

"Well, if you are so anxious to give something to somebody, supposing you don't go to the game this afternoon, and I'll take that money and put up a little something."

Here was a test for Frank. That game, which he had been looking forward to since last year's, the big game of the season, was to be played that afternoon. The whole school would be there with colors, songs and yells. Where would he be? After all, what did the poor family matter to him? He could see them tomorrow; somebody else—he thought of his dream, and of the story he had been reading. He shook himself.

"Put up the lunch, then," he said, crossly, and left the room. He had a mingled feeling of disappointment and of happiness. His love of pleasure was struggling with his newly discovered nature. But he went, and one family was made happier that afternoon, and Frank returned home whistling and happy, though it was still storming outside.

When dinner was over, and the family had withdrawn to the sitting room, Frank made another resolution. There was much left after all had eaten heartily. He would make one more family happy. The party? He had discovered a new joy that after-

(Continued on page 48.)

"PUSS"*Beryl Williams, Eng. II.*

MARION EMERY was but a small child when her aunt, Miss Anna Wilson, visited Marion's home in St. Paul, Minnesota. Marion was very fond of animals, especially cats. She had always longed for a cat, but her parents did not approve of her having one.

Miss Wilson's intentions were to take Marion with her when she returned to her home in Chicago. Marion's parents knew of the plans for their daughter's visit, but the child knew nothing of them. Later she was told that she was going to make her aunt a visit. She did not like the idea, and a great many inducements had to be made before she finally yielded to a suggestion made by her aunt. Aunt Anna promised Marion a "Puss" for her own pleasure, and she was kept busy answering questions of all kinds about the cat.

"What is its name, Aunt Anna?" questioned Marion.

"We call her Puss, and she is as gentle as a lamb. She will always be ready to go out with you when I am not able to go."

"What color is it?" persisted Marion.

"I'm not going to tell you what color she is, as I want you to be surprised when she meets us at the train," parried her aunt.

"Oh! Will she meet us at the train?" asked Marion, in surprise.

"Yes, 'Puss' will be waiting for us," her aunt assured her.

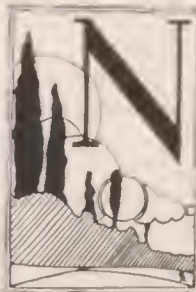
The day of their departure came. Marion shed many tears as she waved her hand from the slowly moving train. The conversation on the train was devoted entirely to "Puss."

On their arrival in Chicago, Marion was all eyes, searching for the marvelous cat. Meanwhile, Miss Wilson cordially greeted a young lady friend, who was at the depot to meet them. She called to Marion, who was still eagerly watching for "Puss."

"Marion, I want you to meet my friend," said Miss Wilson.

"But where is 'Puss,' the fluffy kitty-cat, that was to meet me?" asked Marion, disappointed.

"This is 'Puss,'" smilingly replied her aunt, nodding to the young lady at her side.

POOR JEMIMA!*Margaret Kelly, Eng. II.*

NO ONE was home in the Hulberry house, except the maid. There she stood, trembling like a leaf, her face as white as snow. The last rays of the setting sun fell accusingly on a spot on the floor, on which the large, frightened, gray eyes of Jemima were glued.

What should she do? Those awful stains! She must clear them up before anyone came home. And that tell-tale hatchet, with its red marks. What solemn, dreadful story was attached to those crimson spots? Miss Jemima did not know what to do.

"What can I do?" she cried. "What shall I do?"

Hark! Footsteps are heard on the porch; the door opens and closes.

"I can not hide it. She will know. What will happen to me?" again wailed the poor maid.

The mistress of the house was coming nearer and nearer to the ill-fated kitchen. "Jemima," called the lady, "come here and help me put my wraps away."

No answer came from the terror-stricken maid.

"Jemima, Jemima, come here at once! I tell you, come here!"

"Yes'm," answered Jemima in a weak and frightened voice, "I'm coming. I'll come in just a minute."

As the last words were uttered, the kitchen door flew open, and there on the threshold stood Mrs. Hulberry.

"Jemima Jane!" gasped the astonished woman. "Didn't I tell you never again to open a can of tomatoes with a hatchet? What in the world do I buy can-openers for?"

BUBBLES

Bernice Stusser.



ROBERT KRAIG Lawrence was his real name, but he was known as Bubbles both by his family and by his friends, for he was fairly bubbling over with mischief.

It was Bubbles' birthday, and that morning his mother told him that if he were good at school and would bring home a red star as a proof of his good behavior, the fairies would surely give him a

present such as he had never had before, but if he were bad the fairies would punish him.

That morning on the way to school, Bubbles firmly resolved to be worthy of the present. All went well until about 10 o'clock, when, thrusting his hand into his pocket, Bubbles pulled out a sling shot, made a wad of paper, and hit his worst enemy, Reginold Good, on the tip of the ear. Bubbles was sent into the cloak room to spend the rest of the morning.

It was very dark there, and his face began to pain him. His cheek felt as if it were swelling. Presently he heard a little voice say, "You have been a bad boy. You did not even try to be good, as you promised. The fairies will now punish you. Your face will swell, and swell, until finally it will be so big that everyone will say, 'See the little boy with the big head! His head grew so fast his body could not keep up with it.'"

Bubbles could feel his face growing larger and larger. He tried to catch the fairy goblin, but each time the goblin would slip through his fingers, and, running off into another corner, would laugh and say, "Look at his head! Look at his head!" Soon all the goblins came and stood around him chanting, "Swell-head! Swell-head!"

Finally a big giant came, shook him by the shoulders, and belowered into his ear, "Come here you little——." Then Bubbles jumped up. There before him stood his teacher. "Why, Robert, you have been asleep. You may come now. I think you have had enough of this dark room."

As Bubbles followed his teacher into the room, the children began to snicker. The teacher turned around. "Robert," she said, "what has happened to your face? Come down to the office at once." Bubbles turned deathly white. "The revenge of the fairies," thought he. The doctor at the office looked at him, smiled, and merely said, "Mumps! Send him home."

But even now Bubbles tells the boys how the fairies punished him for not being good on his birthday.

GHOSTS

Jack Dodd, Eng. II.



AS THE deep tones of the clock announced that it was eight-thirty o'clock, I threw aside my book and sat deep in thought. I had just finished an interesting story.

It was very forceful and very frightful. I shall not go into details regarding the plot, except to say that a certain character had a very unpleasant habit of seeing and hearing a ghost at night. It always came in the form of a tall, thin, white object, with a terrible wound on its temple, and chains clanking and clattering from its ankles. This type of story has induced writers of every degree of skill to try their talent. Some have made their stories too superhuman; others, not enough so. The story I had just finished interested me particularly because the author had gone to neither extreme. It sounded perfectly plausible, and

that is one reason why I cast so many anxious glances behind my chair. I sat thus for several minutes, weighing carefully every important incident of the story, until I was fully satisfied that the author had written nothing that was impossible.

I was suddenly aroused from my brown study by the thought that the furnace had not been tended to yet. I walked bravely to the cellar door and threw it open. I started back, horror-stricken. I was positive that I had seen a tall, white object in the intense blackness of the basement. I switched on the light and saw—nothing. Summoning all my courage, which was very little at this time, I walked down the stairs and threw open the furnace door. The flickering light cast dancing shadows on the wall, which, in my imagination, took the form of ghosts. I quickly filled the furnace with coal, all the time glancing behind me into the dark corners of the basement. My work being finished, I stepped quickly toward the stairs. As I reached the foot of the stairway, I heard a thump and the rattling of a chain. I took the stairs at a bound, slammed the cellar door, and bolted to my bedroom upstairs and locked the door.

I sat on the edge of the bed, trembling violently. I had not yet recovered from my fright, when I heard the distinct clanking of a chain in my closet. In spite of my fears, I planned to sneak over and lock the ghosts in; but my plans were soon frustrated, as the door moved slowly and the chain rattled ominously again. My fears now knew no

bounds. I was paralyzed with fright.

Suddenly I heard a heavy thump in the closet. The chain clanked again, and the door slowly opened, as if an unseen hand were pushing it. I ran for the only door leading to the hall, but I could not find the key. I realized my fate in a flash. The ghost had quietly taken the key when I had locked myself in, and now had me at its mercy. Putting my back against the door, I faced the open closet timorously. To my surprise, however, I saw—nothing. Encouraged by this, I walked slowly towards the open door. Suddenly the chain clanked again. I nearly dropped in my tracks. Maddened by the suspense, and desperate to know even to know the worst, I plunged forward. To my infinite surprise, I again saw—nothing. Emboldened to solve the mystery—if mystery there be—I searched every nook and corner of that room. But I found—nothing, except the “stolen” key, which, in my excitement, I had dropped on the floor when I had hurriedly locked my bedroom door.

Finally I went to bed, vowing that I would read no more ghost stories, and determining to put ghosts out of my mind. But I have kept neither resolution. That night I dreamed of white-clad figures and clanking chains; and, even to this day, I know of no sensation quite so delightfully uncanny as the feeling I have when I curl up in my chair and race excitedly through the fascinating pages of a “not impossible” ghost story.

CONVOCATION AT NORTH CENTRAL

Walter Blair, June, '18.



HE pupils seem to feel it long before it comes—feel it in the air; and when the announcement is written on the bulletin board in a flowing script, “Convocation for

Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshman A's”, some who have been forehanded enough to get their lessons rejoice, while others, mourning the loss of a study period, hastily slink to their session rooms, where they vainly strive to do forty-five minutes' work in ten.

Later, when the bell rings calling the expectant students to the auditorium, there is a rush of many feet, a push of many forms, and the room is filled in a twinkling by laughing boys and girls, who talk in a broken buzz, which sounds like a hive of monster bees. A courageous yell leader asks for a yell, and a weak one breaks out. Then other classes yell, the shouts growing in volume and vigor, until many yells are popping out at once in peppy rivalry.

The principal enters with the speaker of the day, and each class yells for the men on the platform. The speaker bows, the principal smiles, and the yells die out. A buzz arises again, as the two sit down. The principal says something in the honored guest's ear, who smiles and nods.

“Sh-sh!” All over the building they murmur it. The principal stands at the front of the plat-

form—waiting. It is very, very still. He speaks!

"You fellows, standing around the wall!" he says. "There's lots of room upstairs." A titter becomes general as the loiterers go upstairs, while the principal stands—smiling. Then silence falls again.

The program begins. A solo is sung or a reading is given, and in either case the students applaud enthusiastically. The principal makes some announcements, introduces the speaker of the day, who delivers an address to which the pupils listen with varying degrees of attention.

"That concludes the program for today," announces the principal, looking at his watch. "We will sing 'The Red and Black', and then you may pass to your third period class." And another convocation has passed into school history and—into the teachers' grade books.

MY COLLEGE-BRED COUSIN

Violet Hess, Eng. II.



MY AUNT in all of her late letters had mentioned that my cousin, Marvin, was longing to visit the West. I was not surprised, then, to receive a telegram one morning, announcing that he was on his way to visit us.

He was a college graduate, and had won honors many times in English. I had pictured him as a tall, precise young man, who always used the best English and was very critical with anyone who did not. I was dread-

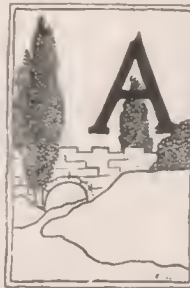
ing his visit very much, for I thought that he would be shocked at the slang which was used out here.

During the next few days, I worked myself up into a nervous tension, bordering on hysteria, imagining all kinds of unpleasant things that might occur during his visit. I wished heartily that such things as "college-bred" cousins did not exist.

While I sat lamenting the fact, I heard the door slam. Suddenly a red-haired, freckled-faced boy with an ungainly grip in each hand, dashed into the room. Before I had time to speak, he dropped his bags and exclaimed: "Hello, Kid! Gosh, I've had a deuce of a time! Why the Dickens didn't some guy meet me?"

A LABOR OF LOVE

David Musselman, Eng. IX.



NOBLE and self-sacrificing mission is being performed in North Central in the aiding of backward students by the upper classmen. At present three societies have undertaken the work: The S. P. Q. R., the Latin organization of the school, the Mathematics Club, and the German Society. A committee has been appointed by each club to investigate cases in its particular branch of study, and those students who are deserving are receiving generous help from their fellows.

The motive which prompts such a service is social and humanitarian, and reflects the highest type of school spirit—zeal for

scholarship and enthusiasm for the common good. Other organizations of the school would do well to adopt some similar plan, not only to assist the plodders, but also to energize the listless.

A DOLL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Norma Shields, Eng. II.



THE dolls, all sizes and kinds, were gathered in one corner of the nursery, just where Miss Betty, their little mistress, had left them.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the pretty new French doll, "I do wish Betty would come. I am tired of sitting here with nothing to do."

"Well, well!" said the large wax doll, Gretchen. "Suppose I tell you the story of my life."

"Oh, yes, do!" cried all the dolls; and even Teddy Bear, who had pretended a disdain for all dolls, sat up to listen.

Gretchen was old and battered, but Miss Betty loved her dearly, and she was greatly respected by all the dolls.

"I was made in Germany many years ago," began Gretchen. "The first thing I remember was the day I was finished. There were hundreds of other dolls just like me. I was placed in a wooden box, as were all the others, and stowed away on a shelf. After we had lain there many days, a strange looking man came and looked at us. He said something to the salesman and went out. The next day we were packed and sent away.

"After many, many days, the cover was taken off my box, and I found myself in a strange place. I soon learned that I was in America. My only comfort was that many of the dolls who were made with me were there, too.

One day a lovely lady came and took me away with her. She made many pretty clothes for me and brought me to this house. I was kept hidden for a few days, until one morning I found myself lying on the breakfast table. It was Miss Betty's birthday, and when she came in her delight was so evident that it quite won me, and I have loved her ever since.

"I lived happily for many months, when something happened, which, if I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget. One morning Miss Betty told me a little boy cousin of hers was coming to see her. He came, and Miss Betty, in an effort to entertain him, showed him her toys. He picked me up by my arm so suddenly and roughly that I fell to the floor. Oh, how I ached! My skull was fractured and three fingers of my left hand could not be found.

"Miss Betty cried as if her heart would break. Her mother finally came and put my broken head and dislocated arm and the rest of me in a box and sent me away. I was very sorry, for I thought that I should never see my dear mistress again. But I was too pessimistic, for before long I found myself back in the nursery with a perfectly whole head and two good arms. But the scar is still on my forehead. Do you see it here by my ear?

(Continued on page 51.)



YOU SHOULD HEAR THEM SING

From left to right: Vance Eastland, Irene Lindgren, Kenneth Hall, Charles Abraham, Delia Hammer, Cecil Fenstermacher, Irene Oliver, Elmer Armstrong, and Margaret Mumm.

The Operetta "Pocahontas"

Bright, snappy music, fast action, near executions, marriageable young men, and an ambitious mother-in-law, all combine in making "Pocahontas," which will be produced by the Music department, Friday, December 8, one of the funniest and best operettas ever seen in Spokane. The plot is one of the "twist" type, so popular in the East this year, which keeps the audience breathlessly holding tight to their seats until the final curtain.

Margaret Mumm, in the title role, has a part that will enable her to do excellent work, while Cecil Fenstermacher, in the role of John Rolfe, needs no recommendation to North Central students. The two comedy parts will be ably taken care of by Irene Lindgren and Elmer Armstrong. Vance Eastland is well cast in the role of John Smith, the English adventurer, whose life is saved by Pocahontas, while Delia Hammer will appear in

the role of Wah-Wah-Tay-See, a friend of Pocahontas. Irene Oliver, as Queen Anne, is dignified and stately, and Kenneth Hall, as the court usher, announces the arrivals and reads the proclamations.

The scenery is being prepared by John Segessemann and Holt Lindsey, with whose skill the student body is familiar. The cast and chorus will be costumed with great care, and nothing will be left undone to make "Pocahontas" as big a success as its predecessors.

The book is by Fred Edmonds and the score by Edward Johnston. Miss Marie Kelly is coaching the action of the opera, while Miss Ardelia Peckham is in charge of the dances.

"Speaking of Bands"

"Speaking of bands," remarked an enthusiastic business man; and, of course, he was talking about the North Central band. We are all proud of the excellent showing our boys have made this



AMATEURS WHO PLAY LIKE PROFESSIONALS

Back row, left to right: C. Olin Rice, director of the Music department, Earl Gilmore, Elinore Robinson, Arthur Torgerson, Irene Redfield, Betty Berry, James Sutherland, Guy Winship, Gilbert Scriven, Otto Sperling, Loren Markham, Earl Smith, Loring Overman, Richard Benis, Marvin Anderberg, and Florence Waterhouse.

Front row: Thula La Follette, Alta Keough, George McKay, Francis McKay, Robert Green, Lillian Baker, Gilbert Robinson, Harry Quass, Charles Hopper, William Ross, Bonnie Brown, and Juanita Fredrick.

fall; and the entire student body is deeply indebted to Mr. Rice for his untiring efforts to make the band a success. In the National Guard parade our band led the high school division, and in the Sprague Avenue Carnival they furnished the music for the business house division. We all realized the value of the band at the Walla Walla football game, as well as in the parades advertising the game. It is Our Band, and it represents the North Central Spirit.

The Orchestra Will Play

In former years the North Central orchestra has held a high place among Spokane's musical organizations. This year, in spite of the loss by graduation last June of some of its star members, the orchestra has shown itself equal to the task of upholding its past record, and in every way is worthy of rep-

resenting North Central. It has already won favorable comment for its splendid performance at the noon luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce, October 24. The orchestra will play for the operetta, "Pocahontas," under the direction of Mr. Rice.

String Quartette

The North Central string quartette is one of the newer musical organizations of the school, having appeared for the first time in convocation, Thursday, October 19, when it scored an instant success. It also represented us before the Washington Educational Association, Lewis and Clark High School, October 27, when it was enthusiastically encored. The members are: George McKay, violin; Francis McKay, violin; Elinor Robinson, viola, and Gilbert Robinson, cello.



EDITORIALS

SPECIAL SPOKANE EDITION

A special "Spokane Edition" of "The Tamarack," which will offer \$120.00 in cash prizes for essays, poems, and pictures, all on subjects of immediate interest to Spokane, will appear in December. This edition, which will be profusely illustrated with pictures of Spokane's big men and big things, will be dedicated by "The Tamarack" to the City of Spokane. The cover page will be appropriately illuminated, the size of the magazine increased, and the mechanical features of the paper given special attention. It will also be a de luxe edition for "The Tamarack's" advertisers, whom we have especially invited to assist us in making the advertising section bright and snappy. Men who loom large in the business, civic, educational and religious life of Spokane are the donors of the prizes. It is to them we owe the privilege of making the undertaking (a rather big and expensive one for us) and it is to them, representative of Spokane's varied activities, we submit our feeble efforts for acceptance.

The names of the donors and the subjects follow:

City Commissioners—"The Ideal Form of Municipal Government."

The Chamber of Commerce—"Spokane's Schools: Then and Now."

The Rotary Club—"He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

N. W. Durham, veteran newspaper man—"Spokane's First Newspaper."

August Paulsen, capitalist—"Spokane's Picturesque Mining Days."

W. D. Vincent, vice president of the Old National Bank—"The Spokane House: Pioneer Trading Center."

Edwin T. Coman, president of the Exchange National Bank—"Spokane's Pioneer Bank."

J. L. Paine, secretary and manager of the Crescent Store—"What the Merchant Expects From High School Advertising."

Charles Timblin, assistant manager of the Western Union Life Insurance Company—"Value of an Endowment Life Insurance Policy."

The donors of the prizes for the best poems on "Spokane" and for the best essays on "Spokane's Early Religious Life" will be named when the prizes are awarded. Milford B. Martin, photographer, will give prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$2, respectively, for the three best kodak views of the city. All other prizes are \$7.50 for first and \$2.50 for second. The names of the winners of

second prizes will be printed with honorable mention in the December issue of "The Tamarack."

THE THANKSGIVING SPIRIT

The memorial of that day on which our forefathers gathered with grateful hearts to return thanks is again but a few hours away. Do we approach this joyous day with the spirit in which it was begun by the revered Puritans? Should we not enter upon it with the same sense of gratitude as that for which it was conceived to be the expression? We are observing the day set apart by the Pilgrim Fathers as a thanks-giving day, and in perpetuating this day, we should commemorate the spirit in which it was given birth.

But we are in danger. America today is indisputably the richest nation in the world. Luxury walks hand in hand with disaster unless prudence is there to separate them. When we do not feel the need of anything, we cannot appreciate what we have; we become—not grateful, but reckless, and lose it all. The choicest achievements of mankind were wrought when, to their authors, the prospect seemed darkest. They are often the expressions of a distressed soul, harrowed by anxiety, want or sorrow. Great conceptions find no room in the trifling, self-centered minds of those who lack nothing.

As a nation we are coming dangerously near to that condition. We open our hands, and wealth flows in; our greed is increased. It is for us, citizens of America, rather to open our hearts to our bruised and bleed-

ing neighbors that we may make them happy with a small part of the wealth we have acquired through their sufferings. We shall then be truly happy.

It is for us as individuals to have a true appreciation of the abundance that is ours. Only then shall we be thankful. Let us, therefore, endeavor to become imbued with the true spirit of Thanksgiving. Let us observe the season with the motive which inspired it, and we shall have a real Thanksgiving Day.

CARPE DIEM!

One thing that discourages many studious young people is to hear a brilliant schoolmate who has won a contest, or accomplished something worthy of praise, say, "I didn't put much time on it," or "I didn't study or prepare at all." Such statements should be discounted. They are prompted either by a sense of modesty, which in itself is becoming enough, or by a praise-seeking motive which affects an air of conceit.

Thomas A. Edison is reported to have said, "Genius is one per cent. inspiration and ninety-nine per cent. perspiration." The meaning is obvious, and if the statement is true in Edison's case, who is an acknowledged genius, how much more is it applicable to us. Not only Edison, but a host of our most successful men in all walks of life, have approached life's tasks and solved its problems in the same way. As a result many have developed into geniuses, or have won the highest renown in their respective fields of labor. According to their own testimony they owe

their success to a close application to routine and detail, until the attainment of an eminent position made it possible for them to relegate such minutiae to others.

We hear much these days about the ability to concentrate, and about talent and the ability to do things. We should remember, however, that most of the men of marked ability had to start from the same level that we occupy, and that it was only by using their ability and the power of application and concentration they then had that more was given. Therefore, we should not pay too much attention to the student who, whatever his motive, pretends that whatever success or honor he has obtained is due to his natural talent. The chances are that hard work and close application are responsible for it.

Let us take courage, then. The means and the opportunity to acquire ability and success through hard work and close application are still ours. A good way for us to begin is to become intensely interested in some phase of school activity which will command our rarest powers and enlist our highest enthusiasm. *Carpe Diem!*

—Henry H. Brauer.

A NEW FEATURE

"The Forum," a new feature of "The Tamarack," affords all an opportunity of expressing their opinions upon school matters of

common and vital concern through the columns of this paper. Under a special heading will be printed those communications which comply with the requirements therewith imposed, if the editors deem them worthy of publicity and general discussion. Other suggestions may be placed in the "Communication Box," provided for the purpose in the main corridor, on the first floor.

A prompt and generous use of both these means of giving voice to opinions, which otherwise might lose their helpfulness, is sincerely and earnestly urged. Criticism is always invited, if it suggests how we may improve. Otherwise, it is merely expected. The paper is what YOU make it.

A HAPPY TRIO



Miss Cornelia Oerter, Dr. A. H. Benefiel, and Miss Erma Bean.

"Business goes before pleasure," is a sound adage, but business done pleasantly is ideal. Business is always the order of the day in the office, but it is so disguised with smiles, courtesy, and patience that there's real fun in doing it. We like Dr. Benefiel and our office force.



SCHOOL STUFF



Miss Broomhall (in Span. II.):
 "What is the difference between an
 assassination and a murder?"

Marian Allen: "An assassination
 is when it is done by the govern-
 ment."

??— (Telling of visit to girl's
 house): "When she wasn't look-
 ing, I kissed her."

Friend: "What did she do?"

??—"Refused to look at me the
 rest of the evening."

The Forum

The Tamarack invites comments and suggestions from the student body and faculty of North Central on topics of school interest. Contributions are limited to 150 words each, and must bear the name of the writer. *The Tamarack* does not endorse the views herein expressed, and it reserves the right to reject any communication, for lack of space, or other reasons.

North Central at U. of W.

Miss Roberta Fisher, first on the honor roll of the class of June, '16, writes from the University of Washington: "I like Seattle, but it is not as nice as Spokane. College life is great. We have a fine 'U' here, a campus of three hundred and fifty-five acres, and fifteen large buildings. North Central is well known here. Dr. Meisnest, head of the German department, when he heard I was from North Central, said, 'Oh, there you have Miss Fehr!' One of the other teachers said, 'Oh, you Pearson!' That sounds nice, doesn't it?"

"I tried out for the 'Mask and

Quill,' the National University Dramatic Club, and got in. I also belong to the Classical Club, the 'Deutscher Verein,' and the 'Kla-How-Yah' (the Independent Order of Women). I hope all of you can come over sometime. It is great fun."

The following paragraphs were received recently from one of our former honor roll students, Chester A. Prothero, who is now in Boston:

"A man is an optimist when speaking of his friends, a pessimist when speaking of his enemies. In one, the virtues are magnified; in the other, the vices are exaggerated.

"Most enmities are based upon differences of opinion. Let us, therefore, respect the opinions of others, and thus avoid enmities."

IT ISN'T THE SCHOOL—IT'S YOU

If you want to live in the kind of a school,

Like the kind of a school you like,

You needn't slip your books in a grip

And start on a long, long hike.

You'll finally find what you left behind,

For there's nothing that's really new.

It's a knock at yourself, when you knock your school,

It isn't your school—it's you.

Real schools are not made by gents afraid,

Lest somebody else gets ahead.

When everyone works and nobody shirks,

You can raise a school from the dead.

And if, while you make your personal gain,

Your neighbors can make one, too,

Your school will be what you want to see.

It isn't the school—it's you.

—Ex.

ON THE BORDER WITH THE GUARDS

Harold Eddy.

At the Editor's request I have attempted to depict the life of a private with the Spokane companies this summer, by publishing a few notes from my diary.

June 19—I was awakened early this morning by my mother, who came with "The Review" to tell me the guards were called out for border service. A busy day was spent at the armory, enlisting and outfitting recruits.

June 25—(En route to American Lake)—Spokane gave us a farewell this afternoon which will long be remembered.

June 29—We arrived at American Lake this morning. Camp was started with a rush.

July 4—I have pinched myself several times today to see if it really is the "glorious Fourth". In common with most of Company I, I am dead for want of sleep. The last half hour I have been asleep, but that is the first I've had for 36 hours. The reason is that Company I had to stand guard. It was so cold and wet last night that we preferred to sit around the fire when off duty rather than sleep. This morning we broke camp; so we have been busy all day. The regiment is in four trains of from fifteen to seventeen cars each. Company I takes four cars.

July 11—Arrived O. K. at Calexico, about six p. m., after passing through the hottest part of the earth, the Mojave Desert. Calexico is in Imperial Valley, about which the book, "The Winning of Barbara Worth", is written. The Mexican border, which is marked by an irrigation ditch

and a four-strand barbed wire fence, divides the town. On the other side of the line it is called Mexicali. A Mexican army, variously estimated at from five to fifteen hundred, is there. They get up about two-thirty every morning and wake us with their band. The day we arrived this army started for the hills, thirty miles away, but have mustered up courage enough to come back.

July 13—Yesterday I put half of my last dime into a fund for ice, so we could have ice water. I also took the third and last vaccination for typhoid. Last night we had a little excitement. About nine o'clock I woke with a jerk. All the other seven in the tent were asleep and the wind was blowing forty miles or more an hour, full of sand and big pieces of dirt. A second later whistles started to blow and all the fellows turned out to tighten the tent ropes. Tents all around us fell thick and fast. But we managed to hold ours down till it could be tightened.

July 14—Camp has settled down to a regular routine which will continue till we go home. We get up at 4:15. There is no "yep" and then a "beauty" sleep. The old bugle says "roll out", and we do. We then have five minutes of setting up exercises. Breakfast is next. Then we clean up the camp and at six go out for two hours drill. After that we are free for the day till five p. m., but it is too hot to do anything but lie around. It starts warming up about eight, and toward one the thermometer is



SCENES FROM LIFE ON THE BORDER

between 100 and 120 degrees. At five p. m. we eat mess, and drill from six to seven. Then we are off till 9, when taps sounds, which means lights out and silence.

July 23—This morning one of our squad came back from a forage with seventeen cantaloupes and two watermelons. We had some feast.

July 24—I was on K. P. (kitchen police) today. I got up at four and worked pretty steadily all day, doing everything from sawing wood to dishing out the mess and washing dishes.

Aug. 9—After getting back from drill, I had to dig a sewer ditch all morning. You get a little of everything in the army.

Sept. 1—At three p. m. orders came to strike tents. The camp has been alive with excitement for several days, for we are going home. Will leave tonight or tomorrow.

Sept. 3—Los Angeles. We are on our way north, but without sleepers. Last night I slept in the aisle on the floor.

Sept. 5—At Drain, Oregon. Just got sleepers back at Roseburg. Will use them one night.

Sept. 29—Just putting in the time till we get orders to decamp. These days are fine, but words can't express the chill of this damp climate these nights.

Oct. 10—Yesterday we broke camp and started home. Had breakfast in Ritzville. Arrived in Spokane at 11:30, where we received a big welcome. The North Central boys who came back are as follows:

Ward Munson, Kenneth Lee, Lyle King, Walter Russell, Edward Quigley, Horace Manring, Juell Carlson, Lester Ellis, Don Briley, George Murphy, George Bloomquist, Martin Chamberlin, Sam Markowitz, Harold Eddy, and Ralph Neely.

Athletics



CHAMPIONS AND STARS IN THE MAKING

Back row, left to right: Sam Moyer, head coach; Ira Davis, assistant coach; Ralph Nichols, Hugh Richardson, Keith Haller, Marston Nelson, Ed. Anderson, Frank Whittemore, Julian Rouse, Ed. Rathbun, Forrest Durst, Harold Hanley, Reg. Smith, Dwayne Shinn, Marty McGowan, Loris Henry, manager; and A. C. Woodward, physical director.

Middle row: Myron Hanley, George Murphy, Charles Whittemore, Raymond Fellers, Virgil Shields, Ralph Christie, Harry Quass, Glen Johnson, Ed. Shea, and Don McPhee.

Front row: Merle Henkel, Elwin Daniel, Bob Irvine, Wayne Hall, Ford Dunton, captain; Carl Anderson, George Paul, Harold Van Valker, Lester Abey, and Glen Harris.

WALLA WALLA MEETS BITTER DEFEAT

A touchdown, a drop kick, and a safety spelled defeat at the hands of North Central for the seasoned team of Walla Walla huskies, in the first game of the season, Recreation Park, Friday, November 3. The visitors were backed to win easily, for theirs was a veteran team, while North Central's was practically inexperienced and greatly outweighed. The contest was a battle every inch of the way, as the score indicates, though North Central excelled in nearly every department of the game, as an analysis of the yardage figures shows.

Captain Dunton and "Cop" Daniel were easily the stars of

the game. Dunton's sensational punting, pronounced by experts to be the equal of DeWitt's, Princeton's famous punter, turned what at first seemed to be defeat into a glorious victory. Daniel was North Central's star ground gainer. Time and again he plunged through the line for eight and ten-yard rushes, and three times he got away for runs of better than 30 yards each. With the ball in North Central's territory, he circled left end, dodging his way down the field for 53 yards before being downed on Walla Walla's three-yard line. "Fat" Anderson, at center, was a bulwark of defense, while Quass' delayed line plunges and



ability to pick holes in the line were noteworthy. All in all, the team showed itself to be made of the stuff out of which champions are carved.

Dunton kicked off for North Central. The visitors punted on the first down, Daniel receiving the punt and advancing the ball by a brilliant 30-yard run. Within the first six minutes of play, however, Sax circled North Central's right end for 47 yards, carrying the ball to the three-yard line, where he bucked over the

line for a touchdown. He also kicked goal and Walla Walla was leading, 7 to 0.

After Dunton's kickoff, Daniel got away for 30 yards. Quass made six, Rouse four, and Daniel plunged through for 16, taking the ball to Walla Walla's six-yard line. On the next play, McPhee carried the ball, but just as he was going over the line he fumbled, Sax being rolled back over his own goal line, where he picked the ball up. Referee Clarke awarded North Central two points, calling the play a

safety. The quarter ended with the ball in North Central's possession on its own 35-yard line. Walla Walla, 7; North Central, 2.

When the second period started Daniel made his spectacular 53-yard run, placing the ball on the three-yard line, from which point Quass carried it over on the next play. Dunton missed the goal, the score standing 7 to 8 in favor of North Central. After an exchange of punts and some ineffective line plunging, Dunton vindicated himself by making a perfect drop kick from the 17-yard line, making the score—the final one of the game—11 to 7 in favor of North Central.

The lineup and summary:

N. Central (11) Walla Walla (7)
 McGown ---L. E. R.-----Jones
 Richardson ---L. T. R.---Blackman
 Johnson ---L. G. R.----Heilman
 C. Anderson---C. -----Farmer
 E. Anderson---R. G. L.-----Emigh
 Dunton-----R. T. L.-----Clark
 Durst-----R. E. L.-----Hooper
 Rouse-----Q. -----Sax
 McPhee-----L. H. R.-----Kelly
 Quass-----R. H. L.-----McGrew
 Daniel-----F. -----Yenney

Substitutions—North Central, Hall for Rouse; Irvine for Anderson; Fellers for Durst. Walla Walla, Zaring for Clark; Clark for Zaring.

Score by quarters:	Total.
North Central....2 9 0 0—11	
Walla Walla.....7 0 0 0—7	

Touchdowns—North Central, Quass; Walla Walla, Sax.

Goal from touchdowns—Walla Walla, McGrew.

Goals from field—North Central, Dunton.

Safeties—North Central.

Basket Ball

The Senior A's have apparently cinched the interclass basketball championship by winning from the strong Junior and Sophomore teams. Sohns and Shannon, first team forwards, are responsible for the victories. Their team work and superior basket shooting counted in the critical moments.

Coach Woodward is getting a line on the material for the first team, but regular practice will not begin until after the football season is finished, as there are several basket shooters on the football squad.

The games stand as follows:

Sophomore A, 16; Freshman A, 20.

Sophomore B, 16; Freshman B, 14.

Senior A, 26; Sophomore A, 25.

Senior B, 4; Sophomore B, 11.

Junior A, 7; Freshman A, 3.

Senior A, 18; Junior B, 9.

Senior B, 3; Junior A, 8.

Junior B, 8; Senior B, 4.

Senior A, 19; Junior A, 4.

Cross Country

About 12 North Central runners are turning out for practice three nights a week, for the Thanksgiving cross country run with Lewis and Clark. George Swank, the captain of the team, was injured in an interclass football game, but is back on the squad again. The run will be held Thanksgiving morning, over a 2.8 mile course, from the Review Building to the Latah Creek bridge and return. The runners are: George Swank, L. Le Grant, H. Le Grant, Cain, Clarke, Williams, Nelson, Roberts, Kelly, Lowe, Finkelson, Gleason, Green, and Buch.

APPRENTICE LIBRARIANS*Helen Kaye.*

Miss Fargo is not conducting a training school for librarians, but she has had several apprentices at her desk with more or less regularity during the past few years. Juanita Morris served until the present semester as a sort of assistant librarian during her vacant periods; Phoebe McConnell is rounding out four years of a like nature, and Irene Ander-

ARE ABLE TO RUN A LIBRARY

Juanita Morris, Phoebe McConnell, and Irene Anderson.

son, who has returned as a post-graduate, devotes four periods daily to the work in the library.

So great is the zeal of these girls, that they have organized themselves into a class for the study of library lore. Each Tuesday morning they meet with Miss Fargo for the review of a book under the leadership of one of the

three. No credit is given for this work, except such as is always bestowed upon those who work hard for a worthy purpose.

Two new magazines, "The Classical Journal," and "The Classical Weekly," may now be read in the library. They are the gifts of Miss Mary Evans and Miss Jessie Gibson.

Anticipating the needs of the story telling class, Miss Fargo has re-classified all the short stories, so that they now stand with the books on short story writing, under the call number, 808.3.

A collection of pictures and clippings from Spanish and German magazines is being made by the Spanish and German clubs. The pictures will be mounted and the clippings classified for the use of future classes in Spanish and German.

The annual meeting of the Washington Educational Association, October 26-28, brought the library many visitors who wished to observe our student self-government system of library administration.

That students can govern themselves was ably demonstrated in the North Central Library Monday and Tuesday, when Miss Lucille Fargo, the librarian, was absent on account of illness. During the two days that Miss Fargo was away, not one case of disorder occurred.—Spokesman-Review, Oct. 29, 1916.

Three hundred and seventy-
(Continued on page 45.)

Newspaper Reporting

Practical experience in newspaper reporting is the opportunity given members of the news-writing class through the kindness of H. A. Pierce, city editor of "The Chronicle." Some member of the class reports to the office of "The Chronicle" each day, where he gets his assignment slip from the editor. After receiving his assignment, the student goes out, covers the story, and returns to the office, where he writes it up and hands it in at the editor's desk, just as the regular staff reporters of the paper do. Thus far the following students have succeeded in getting their assignments into print: Martin Jensen, Russell Danielson, Chester Ellis, Eileen Conlan, Kenneth Hall, Mildred Hanson, Elizabeth Pennell, Bernadine Luther, Margaret Gutschow, Martha Malory, Ruth Stone, Leonard Le Grant, and Thelma La Follette. Each member of the class is required to cover a story in this manner at least once during the semester.

"The Times" and "The Tribune" are the names of the rival student papers established, the class being equally divided to form the two staffs. Bernadine Luther is editor of "The Tribune," and Martin Jensen of "The Times." By this method, the pupils are quickened in their efforts to get the news and "scoop" the rival sheet. The editors assign a certain beat to each staff member and he is expected to cover all the news on his run. The stories so gathered are given to "The Chronicle" in the morning, or to "The Spokesman-Review" in the

afternoon. So far 180 stories written by the members of the class have appeared in print. Of these, Martin Jensen, editor of "The Times," leads with an individual score of 35; Martha Malory is second with 15, Margaret Gutschow, third, with 14; Bernadine Luther, editor of "The Tribune," follows with 12, and Elizabeth Pennell is fifth with 11.

Another novel feature of the work of the class is the tentative adoption of the so-called "socialized recitation" plan. By this method, the business, special reports, and routine work of the class are carried on by the entire class, some member acting as chairman, and each of the other members contributing his share to the day's recitation. Bernadine Luther and Martin Jensen were elected by the class to preside over its socialized recitation periods. They prepare informal talks on assigned topics, the class taking notes, after which the chairman throws the subject open for general discussion.

—Clarence Winger and

—Chester Ellis, Reporters.

Do You Know That

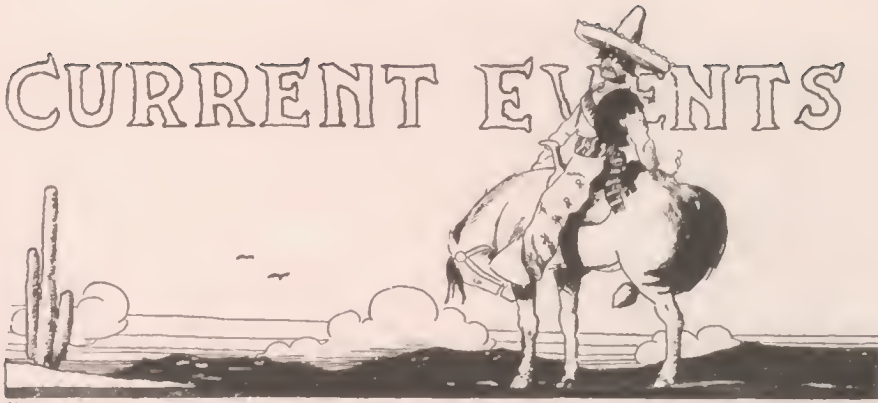
North Central has an enrollment of 1455?

There are 58 teachers in North Central?

Last semester nearly fifty books daily were drawn from our library?

Suggestions, criticisms and remarks on "The Tamarack" are cordially welcomed?

The "Freshies" this year are more intelligent than usual?



North Central Wins First Debate

Robin Cartwright, Harold McLaren, and Harold Eby, representing North Central, defeated the Newport High School team in debate at Newport, Friday, November 10, in a spirited contest. North Central upheld the affirmative of the state debate question, and showed originality and readiness in meeting the arguments of their opponents, several of which were new to them.

The outstanding feature of the trip was the cordial manner in which the boys were entertained. They were met at the station, shown around to points of interest, and were given a reception after the debate. The hospitable spirit displayed by the Newport team is highly commendable. North Central appreciates it.

The judges of the debate were Professor George E. Craig and Professor C. S. Kinston of Cheney Normal, and Professor Peter C. Crockett of Spokane University. L. W. Sawtelle, debate coach, accompanied the team and Martin Jensen acted as alternate.

North Central's New School Song

"North Central," our new school song, scored an instant success and bids fair to vie in popularity with "The Red and Black." "North Central" was written by two alumni of the school, William and Donald Wilson, brothers, who are now students at the University of Washington. The song was entered in the Masque song contest, and after being accepted by a committee consisting of C. Olin Rice, L. W. Sawtelle, and Miss Bertha Bigelow, was awarded the prize of fifty dollars. On October 30, it was sung in convocation, and the bright tune and catchy words were quickly picked up by the student body.

To William and Donald Wilson, North Central expresses her heartfelt thanks for the new song, in which they have jointly honored their Alma Mater. She is justly proud of her alumni, in whom the North Central Spirit never dies.

Back From the Border

North Central was glad to welcome fifteen of her former students back from the Mexican border after a strenuous sum-

mer there. The boys returned October 9, and, as the train pulled in at 11:30, the students of both high schools were lined up to greet them. School had been dismissed at 11 o'clock, and the boys marched to town and joined in the parade, which lasted for over an hour, while the girls lined up on downtown streets to watch them. School was resumed at 1:30. Principal R. T. Hargreaves recently received a letter from E. A. Thomas, secretary of the School Board, commending us on our orderly marching and conduct.

Girls Entertain Grade Schools

To interest the pupils of the North Side grade schools in high school life was the purpose for which Principal R. T. Hargreaves sent out six of our talented girls to several of the grade schools. The girls sang, read, told stories and played the violin and piano. Gertrude Byler gave an excellent talk on the social side of high school life. The other girls participating were Irene Lindgren, Irene Oliver, Ruth Stone, Lillian Baker, and Bernice Stusser.

North Central Figures In W. E. A.

Principal R. T. Hargreaves, E. H. Fearon, C. Olin Rice, S. S. Endslow, and F. G. Kennedy, of the North Central faculty, appeared on the program of the thirteenth annual meeting of the Washington Educational Association, Lewis and Clark High School, October 23-28.

Miss Gertrude Kaye of the Mathematics department, was elected secretary of the high school section of the W. E. A., and A. O. Streiter, of the Com-

mmercial department, was elected corresponding secretary of the commercial section. The students of the Spokane schools were dismissed two days during the meeting of the Association.

Chemistry Club Write Book

The Colloquium, the Chemistry Club recently organized by Ira C. Davis, is writing a complete chemistry note book for use as a reference work for the future chemistry classes. The plan being followed is to appoint a manager and a secretary for each chapter, and have members of the club write about certain phases of the subject. About 10 chapters, covering most of the work in Chemistry I., will be completed in a short time. Meetings of the club are held on Wednesday noons, the half hour being devoted to working practical experiments not given in the text book. Articles from publications are also discussed and filed. The club is composed of 60 members and meets in room 302.

New Football Trophy

Plans have been made by the Spokane delegation of Washington State College, Pullman, for the purchase of a second football trophy to be offered for competition between North Central and Lewis and Clark High Schools, according to a decision recently announced by the club. The first trophy, a masterpiece of its kind, was permanently won by North Central last Thanksgiving, when Lewis and Clark was decisively beaten for the third time.

Junior B's Choose Emblem

A dull gold emblem of twelve sides, with two tiny arrows encircling the letters, N. C. H. S., with "June" above and "18" below, was the unique design selected by the Junior B's as the class symbol.

Evan Pearson and "Cop" Daniels were chosen to represent the Junior B Class on the Athletic Board this year. This class is well represented on the football squad. "Cop" Daniels, Hugh Richardson, and Julian Rouse playing on the first team. Hubert Jones is captain of the class basket ball team, which participates in many lively skirmishes in the "gym" after school hours.

"Voxers" Have Hallowe'en Party

Ghosts! O-o-o-o! Big ones! Little ones! Pumpkin faces! Skulls! The clanking of chains! The rattling of bones! O-o-o-o, but we were "skeered"! Where? At the Vox Hallowe'en party at Dorothy Leggett's home. The committee, however, were so kind-hearted that they spared us the bad dreams, which might otherwise have resulted, by ending with some cheerful games. By far the most interesting part was that we all know who our future husbands are to be!

Business Men Speak

F. P. Greene, president of the Rotary Club of Spokane, E. E. Flood of the Exchange National Bank, and Robert Hawke, a prominent business man of the city, gave interesting and instructive talks to the students of the Commercial department.

"Sphinxers" Make Merry

The experiences of Harold Eddy at the Mexican border with the guards this summer were vividly related by him at the Sphinx club meeting, October 26, at the home of Leland Upton, E. 1022 Indiana. A general discussion on the various political candidates for the national and state offices followed.

The membership of the club is full at present, but as a few members will graduate, it might be wise for candidates to submit their names to some member of the club soon. The Sphinx plans to hold some form of "Open House" in the near future, which the faculty and student body will be invited to attend.

Clarke Directs Wranglers

Warren W. Clarke, a young Spokane attorney, has been selected as director for the Wranglers' club for this semester. Martin Jensen was elected vice president of the club, taking the place of Herman Howe, who resigned from active membership.

At present there are a few vacancies in the club. If there are any students of North Central who are interested in public speaking, and would like to join the Wranglers, see Martin Jensen, Robin Cartwright, LeRoy Armond, Paul Wilson, Alden McMaster, or Harold Eddy.

The Algebra Contest

The Annual Algebra Contest of the Mathematics Club will be held early in December. This year the contest will cover the fundamental operations of algebra, factoring, and solving equations. The contest is open to all

students who are now taking or have taken Algebra II. The winner of the contest will have his name engraved upon the new club trophy and will receive a Mathematics pennant.

Lavelle Schick and Ernest Johnson entertained the club socially, October 28, when a very enjoyable Hallowe'en entertainment was given.

Delta Now Largest of Four-High-Y-Clubs

The Delta Club has now the distinction of having the largest number of members of the Four-High-Y-Clubs.

The initiation of 17 new members was the feature of the meeting, October 24, with LeRoy Armond in charge. It was the best and most thorough initiation the club ever witnessed.

Those honored were: Albert Arend, Raphael Budwin, Edward Anderson, Melvin Baird, Clifford Berry, Albert Dahlstrom, Frank Higgins, Harold Hanley, Maurice Jackson, Hubert Jones, Harold Knudson, Frances Moriarity, Harold Nash, William Oberheu, Reg. Smith, Ira Smith, and Virgil Shields. These boys passed the quiz given by the executive board satisfactorily.

Miss Fehr Returns

Miss Margaret Fehr, of the German department, who sustained a broken collar bone and other injuries in an automobile accident, October 14, has resumed her duties at North Central after an absence of two weeks. Miss Fehr's many friends felicitate her upon her fortunate escape and recovery, even if the latter has been somewhat tardy.

The Library Board

Robert Patton.

Since the advent of the fifty-cent "best seller," the phrase "speedy and impartial justice" has been misinterpreted by the creators of that class of reading matter. To their habitual readers the expression rouses a vivid, but delusive picture of screeching vengeance. Robbed of the glamour and fever of fiction, however, "speedy and impartial justice" embodies an enlightened ideal, and stands for true progress. Accordingly, the inspiration for the Library Board's most recent piece of legislation was not drawn from between the covers of a "best seller," but from a worthy ideal. In vesting the monitors at the desk with the power to impose, at the time, such a sentence as the case demands upon those whom they are forced to send from the library, the Board is seeking to eliminate the waste of time entailed by the old system, and to make certain that the sentence imposed in each case is just. Taking care of each case on the spot supplies both the elements of swiftness and of justice, and the latter is further assured by allowing the offender who feels that he has been too severely treated to appeal to the Library Board in person. We feel that a step has been taken in the right direction, and we hope that results will justify our belief.

Masque Initiates

Can you imagine Catherine Sohns telling Harold McLaren, right out in public, that she loves him, and poor Harold believing that she is dead in earnest? This

and many other amusing things happened at the initiation meeting of the Masque at Raphael Budwin's home, October 11. The new members are: Lamora McDonald, Leone Webber, Kathryn Blair, Catherine Solins, Gertrude Byler, Maurice Jackson, and Frank Howard.

The recent plan of presenting a one-act play every month, to be coached by a "Masquer," was carried out at this meeting. The play, "The Kleptomaniac," was clever. The seven female roles were taken by Ruth Stone, Delia Hammer, Lillian Baker, Lamora McDonald, Leone Webber, Mary Stewart, and Kathryn Blair. Irene Oliver was the coach. "The Lunatic," translated from the Spanish, is the next play to be given. Irene Lingren will be the coach.

McDougall Baccalaureate Speaker

Dr. J. W. McDougall, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, was elected baccalaureate speaker for the class of January, '17.

Until recently Dr. McDougall has served in the Mount Taber Church, Portland, Oregon, where he was also superintendent of the Portland district.

Watch This Boy

Would you work from 11 o'clock at night until 2 o'clock in the morning, in order to get your high school education?

Probably not. Yet this is what a boy student of the North Central High School is doing to obtain his. He has no pleasures, for all his time outside of school is taken up in study or in work.

This young man came to J. O. Ecker, boys' placement di-

rector, early last fall and asked to be placed in a position, as his parents were poor and could not afford to support him while he went to school. Mr. Ecker informed him that there was but one position open, and that he felt that the job was so undesirable that the boy would not consider it.

"If you take this job," said Mr. Ecker, "you will have to wash dishes in a restaurant from 11 o'clock at night until 2 o'clock in the morning, and I hardly think you would want to do that."

"Yes, I would," replied the boy. "Nothing will be too hard for me to do, if I can get an education by doing it."

—*Newspaper Reporting.*

LUCK

"Trust to luck," some people say.
We hear that adage every day.
Some are waiting for that "dame"
To bring them power, wealth
and fame.

Some she favors for a day,
And then she turns the other
way;
Giving, taking, here and there,
All without a thought or care.

So we see she's not a friend
Upon whom we can depend.
There's a better friend than
Luck—
A worthy friend, whose name is
Pluck.

She is very much abused,
Because the names are oft' con-
fused;
Most of all her worth is due
To the middle letter—"U."

—*Cornelius Hobbs.*



A Boost

We have always believed that either Charles Evans Wilson or Woodrow Hughes, would make a good president. Being human, we had our preferences; but being wise, we kept "mum" editorially. "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," is a true adage, for although many unpleasant things have been said, the recent campaign contributed a boost to "The Tamarack."

A prominent business man was provoked by the attitude of the local newspapers on political questions. After a lengthy and heated denunciation, he sputtered to a sympathetic friend, "Oh, well! There's only one clean paper in this town, anyway!" His friend, glad to learn that there was at least one, demanded the name of the worthy publication.

"The Tamarack," he exclaimed.

Hats off to the editorial policy of our magazine!

Cake For Freshies

One thing you have noticed since you came to high school is that some pupils are much more "popular" than others. You have seen it in the class-

rooms, in the halls, and in all the activities of school life. No doubt you have secretly hoped to become one of the elect. If so, try this recipe for real popularity: Take a cupful of affability, a tablespoon of sincerity, an equal portion of ability, a pinch of personality and sift through the sieve of common sense. Mix these well with hard work, stir thoroughly with school spirit, and your cake of "popularity" is ready for the sunlight of public approval, which will warm it into a toothsome and wholesome delicacy.

As has often been said, the world is divided into two classes—the "knockers" and the "boosters." The former, we have in plenty; of the latter, we need more. BE A BOOSTER.

Seven Wonders of North Central

1. The Freshman class.
2. Miss Bechtel's ability to detect evildoers.
3. Laura Bullivant's dancing.
4. Miss Peckham's smile.
5. The inexhaustible supply from the cafeteria.
6. The Cupid Club.
7. A trip to Mr. Hargreave's office.

Potatoes and Heads

In a recent address to the girls, Miss Jeanette Donaldson, county superintendent of schools, admonished them "not to have their visions, like megaphones, turned the wrong way."

We heartily agree with Miss Donaldson, and consequently felt an unusual thrill of pride on reading in the Sunday paper that Mr. Jones had grown a potato, seventeen by fourteen inches, which weighed two and a quarter pounds. Surely Mr. Jones' megaphone is aimed correctly, for though we know that he is a cultivator of the fertile (?) soil found in Seniors' heads, we are glad to learn that he is a champion potato-grower as well.

Not a Joke

Midway along the corridor

Our new Joke Box has taken
its stand;

We feel assured it can be reached
By every student's willing
hand.

We also wish to make it plain

That each month, for the joke
that's best,

One dollar will be paid in cash.

So write the joke. We'll do
the rest!

A special tennis class has been formed. Mr. S—— and Miss D—— are instructors. The court is located at Maxwell and Monroe. Special Saturday morning class—by themselves.

OPTIMISTS

He who makes the world go
'round;

He who makes our country
sound;

Makes us glad when he's around,
Here's to him, the Optimist.

What good has the pessimist
done?

He has blotted out the sun
Of the hope for deeds begun.
Down with him, the pessimist!

Men we like who are worth while
Ever greet us with a smile.

All their thoughts they reconcile.
You know them—the Optimists!

Always cheerful, always bright!

Let that be our guiding light.

That's the way we'll win the
fight.

Let us all be—Optimists!

—*Cornelius Hobbs.*

Grow Old And Shrink

Mr. Kreider has discovered a new theory. He declares that after the age of twenty-five everyone begins to shrink. He says he has found that he himself has grown an inch and three-quarters shorter since that time, but he does not state how long ago that was. Mr. Kennedy confirms Mr. Kreider's observations by his own experience, declaring that he has lost one and a half inches in (?) years. Doubtless the long ones like Mr. Kennedy can profit by shrinkage, but woe unto the short! We should like to know the cause of this. In the case of Mr. Kennedy, it might be old age, while for Mr. Kreider, it is possibly due to married life. At any rate, if this continues until Mr. Kreider is, say, a grandfather, who will be the "long and short of it"?



EL CLUB ESPANOL

Roberto Green Elegido Presidente.—Discurso Interesante por la Senorita Broomhall

Roberto Green ha estado elegido presidente del Club Espanol por este semestre. Los otros oficiales son:

Vice-Presidente.....	Sally Aldrin
Secretario	Anna Hughes
Tesorero	Esten Hackett
Reporter al Tamarack.....	Myrtle Bradley

La senorita Broomhall pronuncio un discurso muy interesante a la reunion que se verifico el diez de octubre en la sala 307. El discurso trataba de los-pueblos in deferentes partes de la America del Sur, al tiempo en que la senorita Broomhall vivia alli, hace unos a anos.

Una reunion muy viva se verifico el veinticuatro de octubre a la cual fueron pronunciado los siguientes discursos:—

La Vida Social de la Argentina—por Sally Aldrin.

Descripcion de Buenos Aires—por Mortimer Saxton.

El Comercio de la America del Sur—por William Singer.

UNA REGRESA

Nos alegramos de ver otra vez la cara sonriente de nuestro amigo antiguo, el señor McDonald. Esta registrado en Espanol III, y esperamos que el señor Harry brillara alli como una estrella.—(?)

OIDA EN LA CALLE

—Me alegro de encontrarte, porque tengo que pedirte dos favores.

—Cuales?

—Que me prestes cien pesetas y que no se lo diga a nadie.

—Hombre! los dos favores a la vez no puedo hacerlos: pero uno, si. No se lo dire a nadie.

—Blanco y Negro.



IT PAYS TO BE FUNNY

"The Tamarack" will pay \$1.00 in cash for the best original school joke contributed by a student of North Central. Copy should bear your signature and be placed in the Joke Box.

Mr. Ecker has a position open for a young man to handle matches at the powder works. He says there is a fine chance for a raise.

Miss Borreson says, "Men are never nice until they are married."

Senior A (showing off to Freshie who has not received an invitation to any parties): "What does R. S. V. P. stand for?"

Freshie (scenting something): "Refreshments Served Very Promptly."

Mr. F. (In Commercial Law): "Now, I am getting tired of hearing nothing but 'I don't know.' Please learn to answer something else. Nellie, what are the sources of law?"

N. H.: "I fail to recollect."

Mr. Hargreaves: "Are you a student in this school?"

Student: "No, sir, I'm a Freshie!"

"Toothache, eh? I'd have the blamed thing pulled, if it were mine."

"So would I, if it were yours."

Coach (To Freshie on football squad): "Elwin, you dodge and squirm through that line better than some of these others. Haven't you played before?"

Elwin D.: "No, but I used to go to all the bargain sales with my mother."

Diner: "I can't eat this steak."

Waiter: "It must be all right. We had it approved by a government inspector yesterday."

Diner: "Armor plate expert, I suppose?"

What's become of that old-fashioned student who burned midnight oil?

We wonder why it is that big, tall fellows like "Tiny" Dunton and "Star" Tewinkel always talk in the hall with short little girls like ———(?). "The Tamarack" creates no scandals. Names may be secured at office, if the questioner subscribes.)

He Knows

Eng. Teacher: "How many clauses are there, Joseph?"

Joseph Tewinkel: "Three: independent, dependent, and Santa Claus."

Mother (watching her son march with the soldiers): "My! Isn't Mike just grand! He's the only one in step."

"How frightfully you snored last night!"

"Yes, it is inherited."

"From your parents?"

"No, from my grandfather who ran a steam sawmill."

"Don't you find that a baby brightens up the home wonderfully?"

"Yes. We have the gas going most of the night now."

Mr. Hargreaves (in Psychology class): "In what sense do you normally translate your sensory experiences, Nellie?"

Nellie H.: "Pain, I think."

Mr. Higgins: "For heaven's sake, Frank! What is that 54 on your report card for?"

Pete H.: "It's the temperature of the room."

Teacher: "Is .00142-9 a decimal fraction?"

Pupil: "Yes, it's a dismal fraction."

Miss Broomhall to Albin H.: "Translate 'my Spanish grammar', Albin."

A. H.: "I don't know what grammar is"

Miss B.: "I've often suspected that."

Laura: "What are you making, Peggy?"

Peggy: "A nut bowl."

Laura: "Oh, yes, I got one for 'Xmas and engraved across the side was 'For Nuts.'"

She thinks of dropping German; She hates the horrid stuff.

Her friends concur, for knowing her,

They think one tongue is quite enough.

Peggy: "What became of Charles H.?"

Mr. Ramsey: "He died without heirs."

Irene R.: "He suffocated. He died without any air."

Miss Bigelow: "Rex, does a person lose his nerve when he gets sea-sick?"

Rex: "Yes—and—something else, too."

Miss Kelly (to Mel. Baird in Public Speaking): "Are you sure you're standing straight, Mel?"

Mel. B.: "Yes'm, but my trousers need pressing."

Miss Bigelow: "Paul, what does misfortune mean to you?"

Paul Grey: "Nothing! I used to have a teacher by that name."

Miss Kelly: "Melvin, say it as if a fleet of ships were really chasing you."

Melvin B.: "If a fleet of ships were really chasing me, I wouldn't be able to say it."

Mr. Ramsey: "How long have you lived in Spokane, Peggy?"

Peggy: "That would be telling too much."

Mr. Kreider (who tied the "lover's knot" this summer, you know): "Miss Fargo, I'm looking for a certain magazine that has lots of pretty pictures in it. I think it is called 'The Pictorial Review.'"

"Only fools are positive!"

"Are you sure?"

"I'm positive."

Fresh.: "Aw, shut up!"

Soph.: "You're the biggest joke in school."

Teacher: "Boys, boys, you mustn't forget I'm here."

The benevolent old bachelor suggests that it would be nothing less than kindness to animals for teachers to give out exemptions the day before tests. "It would conserve energy," he states.

She: "What did, you think of our scheme for 'Xmas decoration—holly leaves over laurel?"

He: "Well, I should have preferred mistletoe over you."

The Freshman sits and loafes all day;

The Sophomore crams for all of us;

The Junior thinks he's a guiding ray;

The Senior "fusses" for all of us.

Little Oswald in his seat,
Quick rises to his feet.
Some poor sinner, God bless him!
Stuck dear Oswald with a pin.

B. Kenny (in Eng. VIII):
"Suddenly an apparatus (apparition) came to him."

Irene Oliver: "This bunch of girls walking two and two reminds me of a seminary out for an airing."

Mildred Perry: "I feel more like a cemetery out for an airing."

He (glancing over the menu):
"Do you like pickled beets?"

She (glancing him over):
"Well, I don't mind being seen with you this time."

Miss Bromhall: "Harold, spell 'lady.'"

Harold: "Any one of them?"

Mr. Bonser: "What is latitude?"

Student—"Latitude is a natural line which runs east and west from the equator to the poles."

Mildred Perry, on account of having so many note books to write, claims that she is becoming notorious, which is very noteworthy, methinks.

Irene O.: "Now, why is Wilson so different from any other president?"

Mildred P.: "Because he is a Democrat."

Matilda Baker (Translating French IV.): "and he had too much money."

Miss Borreson: "Oh! Never, child, never!"

Miss Kelly (to Evan P.): "Evan, did you get anything out of Mr. Pratt's speech that seemed to strike home?"

Evan (hesitatingly): "Why, yes,—he said there were some students who didn't have any brains."

Seen Around The School*Harry Quass, Jan., '19.*

The styles are quite ridiculous;
 They certainly do tickle us.
 We look about the school, and see
 Bright clothes of all variety.
 Look over there,
 But do not stare.
 That senior tall,
 Against the wall,
 In English suit,
 With tight pinch-back.
 Why, if he'd stoop,
 In two he'd crack;
 And, Lordy me,
 That Freshie B
 Is 'nuff to make
 Your optics quake!
 For he is dressed
 In Sunday best;
 With big bow tie
 And collar high,
 Which cuts his neck
 And makes him sigh.
 And here we have a Soph'more A,
 Who wore his first long pants
 to-day:
 He's feeling cheap as he can be,
 For see him blushing guiltily.
 And there against the water-tap
 We see a Junior very fat;
 He seems to be about all in,
 From wearing clothes not meant
 for him.
 Now Freshie, Senior, all the rest,
 Just wear the clothes that suit
 you best:
 Don't try to keep up with the
 style
 Or you'll wear anklets after
 while.
 Just take this little tip from me—
 Avoid a lot of agony.

Miss Mosher: "What have you done?"

Freshie: "Nothing, ma'am, but I won't do it again."

Sophomore B

The "Sophs" are now no longer
 "kids,"
 For they have been allowed to
 vote;
 But still they have the "Fresh-
 ies" beat,
 When it comes to being "goat."

The "Freshies" are considered
 jokes,
 By everybody here;
 But "Sophs" should all be past
 this stage,
 For they are older by a year.

A Senior is a wondrous thing,
 A Junior 'bout the same;
 But Sophomore means nothing
 great—
 It merely is the name.

In convocation, we'll be good,
 And this will please "R. T.";
 He'll see we aren't the common
 type
 Of the usual Sophomore B.

And this is only one small plan
 Of our class, now organized;
 So, if you see us sprouting wings,
 Please don't act too surprised.
 —Emily Acord.

Mr. Gundry (talking of how to study): "What is concentra-
 tion?"

Grace: "Application."

Mr. G.: "And what is applica-
 tion?"

Grace: "Concentration."

Mr. Gundry (in shorthand):
 "The author sometimes makes his
 r's so that they look like 'ell."

Miss Durham (in Eng. I.):
 "Why did Cain kill Abel?"

Freshie: "'Cause he was Able."

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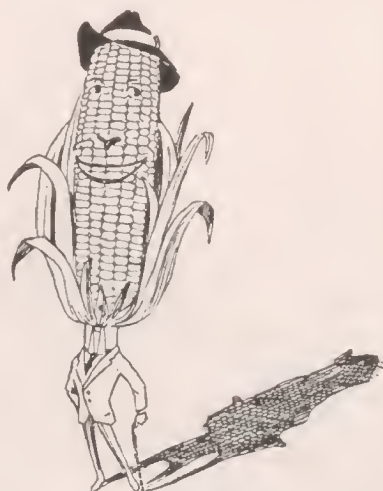
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Portraiture

Apprentice Librarians

(Continued from page 29.)

five new books have been classified and put on the library shelves recently. A few of them are: "Our National Parks," by John Muir; "Magnetic Paris," by Adelaide Mack; "How to Study Birds," by Herbert K. Job; and "My Friend the Indian," by James McLaughlin.

Book notice, by Phoebe McConnell, of Mary Averill's "Japanese Flower Arrangement";

"A delightful book full of practical suggestions from one of the world's most artistic nations; hints invaluable to the girl who arranges flowers at home or in a public place; with illustrations to show how the ideas are carried out."

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Out of the high rent district

Reliable Clothing
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and Shoes for
Young Men :::



Trade Here and SAVE
MONEY

Our Thanksgiving Day

(Continued from page 10.)

noon, and socials were common things.

The next morning, Frank ran over to Bob's to hear about the game. Why wasn't he there? He explained. "Well," said Bob, "the game wasn't worth seeing. The snow was almost piled on the field. Half the time it snowed so hard we couldn't see them play, and when we could, there was nothing but fumbles."

Frank was sorry that the game had been poor, but he was glad that he had done as he did. From the party, however, came a different report. A good crowd had been there, and all had had a good time. It was foolish for Frank to have missed it, so Bob thought. But Frank was not sorry. He was happy. Why? Because his happiness had cost him something; it had been a sacrifice; and while Bob's "good time" had ended the night before, his pleasure would endure.

The class in exposition had listened patiently to a wandering explanation of a game of tennis. Feet stirred and sighs were heard. Then the "Attentive Boy" caused a disturbance by asking a question:

"But I don't understand about 'love'," he said.

"Love is nothing," explained the fair young teacher, with a blush.

Miss B. (in Spanish just before vacation): "I wish you a pleasant vacation, but come back ready to study and work hard."

O. J.: "Same to you, Miss Broomhall."

E. Le Claire (in Public Speaking): "The first requirement in the introduction of a speech is to get the audience in suspension."

George Matsuda, author of the poem, "To America", is the only representative of "the land of the cherry blossoms", attending North Central. He has been a student here for three years, and is a member of the Junior A Class. He came to this country in December, 1911, from his distant home in Southwestern Japan, where he graduated from the Yatahama High School. There he learned English imperfectly, but it was in North Central that he acquired his mastery of the tongue. His poem "To America" speaks for itself.

TO AMERICA

George Matsuda, Jan '18

When I was a child, and my days
were long,
I loved to hear my mother sing,
And tell me stories in beautiful
song.

The song she sang with plaintive
voice,
Was always of America;
And I was happy and pleased
with her choice.

So through my happiest child-
hood days,
And then through all my years at
school,
I talked and dreamed of
America's ways.

And when my high school days
were o'er,
The crucial time in life arrived:
I left Japan for America's shore.

'Twas sad on my departing day,
When dear friends came to say
farewell;
But it seemed best, so I went
my way.

I wiped the tears with trembling
hand;
"Good-bye," I said, "thou flowery
isle";
And soon lost sight of my na-
tive land.

The way seemed long o'er the
waters blue,
And pain and pleasure filled my
heart.
At last we arrived. My dream
had come true.



W. T. HAYS

Formerly Manager Crescent Clothing Dept

**Hand Tailored
CLOTHES
\$25 to \$45**

Perfect Fit Guaranteed

Room 310 Peyton Bldg. Phone 1943

Brown's Men's Shop

Davenport Hotel Bldg.

AT THE

North Monroe Table Supply

You will find everything for your Thanksgiving
Dinner. FANCY TURKEYS a SPECIALTY

Telephone Max. 695

N. 3107-9-11 Monroe St.

::: SHARROCK'S :::

The Best "Hamburgers" in Town

Short Orders and Regular Meals

"THE BIG SANDWICH...5c"

912 Sprague

Opposite the Clemmer

"Today's
Styles
Today"

For
Men and
Women

EASTERN OUTFITTING CO.

826 RIVERSIDE 828

Your Holiday Apparel Wants may be wholly gratified by using
Our Liberal Credit System.

A Business, Like a Building, Must Have a Firm Foundation

We are building for the future and offering as our foundation the best Clothing values ever given in Spokane.

**We are making a friend of each customer
and a booster of each friend.**

Because your dollar goes farther, buys more suit satisfaction, service and style than it ever did before.

In spite of the prevailing high prices, we continue to **SAVE YOU \$10 on our REAL \$25 VALUES FOR \$15.** Better materials, better styles, better tailoring than you ever thought possible at the price.

We want the skeptical fellow to give us a chance to prove our assertions

SID. H. MANN & CO.

Original Up-Stairs Clothiers 2d Floor Jamieson Bldg.

Over the Owl
Drug Co.

Riverside Avenue
Entrance

The Franklin Press

CHAS. POWER

PRINTING
The Better Kind

SPRAGUE and
Phone Main 1366 HOWARD

A Doll's Autobiography

(Continued from page 16.)

"Since then I have been very happy. Of course I've had my ups and downs, but who in this world hasn't? Twice I lost my wig, but it was replaced by others. When Teddy Bear came, I was a wee bit jealous at first, but I soon found that I was loved and cared for as much as ever. If I pass the rest of my days as happily as those that are gone, I shall be more than content."

Just then Miss Betty came in and, to her surprise, found all the dolls leaning forward, looking at Gretchen. But the dolls said nothing, for dolls never talk when human beings are near.



BROOKS



Corner of Monroe and Maxwell

Hot and Cold Drinks
Bulk and Brick Ice Cream
Bob's Chili Con Carne

Always Ready For You

Phone Maxwell 1834

TAILORS

who know how to get quality for their customers, who possess the FIT-YOU ability. We are showing our perfect system of tailoring by making clothes to order for

\$15.00

WE DO NOT ASK A FANCY
PRICE

for a suit made to order just because we have the reputation of being good tailors. Come and see for yourself.

LADIES' SUITS, \$25 UP.

Scotch Woolen Mills

STEVENS AND SPRAGUE

We Save You Money
on Your

FOOTWEAR

Our upstairs location enables us to save you

\$1.50 to \$2.50

a pair, on all the newest styles in street, dress, and evening Shoes for Men and Women.



RIVERSIDE and WALL.

HARD TO FIND

Stylish, Nobby Shoes

—FOR—

Young Men and Young Women

BUT WE HAVE THEM

In all the new Styles, Shapes and Leathers. Get your next pair here...
You always Pay Less at

The Eagle Block
Riverside Avenue at Stevens St.

The Bootery

"THE TAMARACK"

wants you to know just what Spokane's representative business men think of the advertising situation in our school paper.

Here is what R. E. Bigelow, secretary-treasurer of The Wentworth Clothing Company has to say:

"There is just one thought that I have in mind when asked to answer the question, 'What should the students of North Central High School do to make the advertisements of the different firms in their paper more profitable?' and that is: Years ago when I helped to get out the first High School publication in the old South Central High School in 1898, I found that I could get advertisements very easily from the merchants because our school was almost an absolute unit when it came to loyalty to the school's interests and to its friends. The pupils appreciated in those days the fact that the merchants' advertising made it possible for them to have a school paper, and they made it a point to show their appreciation by patronizing their advertisers.

"Now that the number of students in our high schools have doubled and trebled it may seem a harder task to those interested on the paper to convince the advertisers that they are giving full returns for the money expended, but it is really just as easy now as it was years ago. All that is necessary, is to instill into the mind of every pupil the fact that the merchants who advertise in their school paper do so to help the school and themselves as well, and that in order to show their true loyalty and school

(Continued on page 55.)



Distinctiveness In Dress

Can only be attained by having your clothes tailored specially for you. The big feature that causes you to recognize a Suit or Overcoat of our production when you see it on the street is—it is made for the man that wears it. It fits him both mentally and physically. It brings out the good points of his form and hides the bad ones. Come on up and investigate and you'll learn to your advantage why the great majority of young men now buy all their clothes from us.

GREIF & HILL

TAILORS WITH A CONSCIENCE

SUITE 205 GRANITE BLOCK

ESTABLISHED 1890



The Largest Combined Stationery and Printing Plant in the Northwest



A POLITE RECOGNITION OF FRIENDSHIP

Teachers and students will find by the interchange of Personal Greeting Cards a dignified and acceptable way of communicating their Holiday compliments to their friends.

Our Engraving Department carries exclusive designs and sentiments surpassing all efforts of previous years.

SAMPLES NOW ON DISPLAY



Shaw & Borden Company

Engravers Embossers Printers Stationers



Eye Glass Perfection

Has its beginning with the examination of the eye.

Our examinations are conducted along scientific lines in a thoroughly practical and systematic manner, thus insuring

Eye Glass Perfection

The King Optical Co.

613 RIVERSIDE AVE.,
HYDE BLOCK

Fine Home-made Candies

Try Borg's Chili

BORG'S SWEET SHOP

122 Wall Street

Hot or Cold Lunches

We Make Those
Famous - Banana - Specials

"The Tamarack"

(Continued from page 53.)

spirit it is up to them to patronize the merchants who place advertisements in their school paper. After all loyalty to your country, loyalty to your flag, loyalty to your school, loyalty to your friends and so on, are all true marks of character building, and an expression from the majority of the students in any form of loyalty is something to be commended."

RAY E. BIGELOW,
Secretary-Treasurer Wentworth
Clothing Company.

Mr. Rhodes finding it hard to find tasks for his faster pupils has set them to work untying the knots in the lumber.

POPULAR PRICES

SHOES

for the young Man
and young Woman
who wants fash-
ions newest crea-
tions at prices that
they wish to pay.

A complete line of Pumps
and Evening Slippers for
the dancing season now
on display.

Eyler Shoe Co.
818 RIVERSIDE AVE.

SPokane's Popular Price Shoe Store

SPokane's Popular Price Shoe Store

McDaniel

Schneider



Confectionery and Soda Fountain

LUNCHES

Metzger's Market
WALL AND SPRAGUE

ADAM AREND
President

EDWARD JEKLIN
Secretary

Established 1888

A. & K. Market (Inc.)

**Pork Products
Our Specialty**

WHOLESALE :: RETAIL

PHONE M. 4725

Spokane,

Washington

BOYS

CANDIES

GIRLS

Fresh every day from our Kitchen

MERRILL

Palace of Sweets

124 N. HOWARD

**Quality First
Fancy Sundaes**

**No Better Chocolates Made
Ice Creams**

REALIZING OUR IDEALS

Man lives in two worlds—the one of action, the other of vision. It is a vital part of the life of every man to include both of these realms. No matter how low on the scale of life he may seem to be, there is always something higher that he would reach, something better that he admits in the life of another.

We can see, however, only what the other person does, and therefore, we often fail to remember that there is another phase, though invisible, which is as much an actual part of him as the visible; and the idealistic world is the greater world, after all, for it has under its control the actions of man. Were it not

(Continued on page 60.)

Established 1889

Phone Main 348

SPECIAL SALE

RICHARD SCHACHT
JEWELER

Buy your Christmas Presents NOW

Granite Block

403 RIVERSIDE AVE.

Spokane, Wash.

Every Bite Invites Another.

Where?

WILCOX LUNCH

When?

Every Noon

GOOD EATS

Freshman Strong Boy

Here's to Lee, the big, strong
boy;

The pride of our class, the
cause of our joy.

Again and again, I sit at my desk,
And think of his big, muscular
chest.

Often in fancy, I see him at play.
Tossing his comrades around
in dismay.

With strength that's enormous,
he goes through a drill,
Resembling a Ford that's
climbing a hill.

Some day he will leave us, his
credits all won,

But, meanwhile, we know, he'll
be "going some."

—E. S.

C. W. HILL
Printing Company

**ALWAYS
RELIABLE**

S. 212-14 Howard Riv. 279



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Coming Our Way ?

Of course you are. You want to see the new models for winter in

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

You'll have a fine chance today, because the big showing of suits and overcoats is just in. We'll be glad to see you.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx
508 CLOTHES SHOP 508
Riverside Riverside

For---

Fine Candies
Good Cigars
and Stationery

PRESCRIPTIONS
Our Specialty

W. E. SAVAGE
DRUGGIST

01823 Monroe St.

Phone Max. 289

THE FALL OF A FRESHIE

A very tiny Freshie B,
Thought he was wise as he could
be;
Leaned against the high school
wall,
Quoting Shakespeare and Duvall.

Senior A comes up the hall,
Spies the Freshie 'gainst the wall.
Big foot accidentally slips—
Poor little Freshie overt'ps.

Poor little Freshie is no more,—
Only a grease spot on the floor.
But this lesson he leaves you all:
Danger, Freshies, lest you fall!
—Harry Quass.

James B. Fisken Gets the First \$2

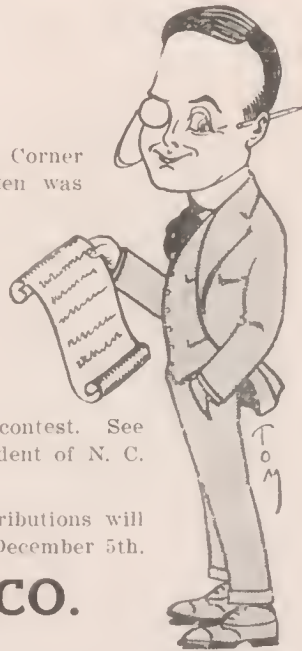
Of the many limericks submitted in the Quality Corner Limerick contest the following by Mr. James B. Fisken was awarded the prize:

The fellow who wears the best clothes
Is surely the fellow who knows
Where for moderate price
You get best merchandise,
So to Quality Corner he goes.

Get busy and send in a limerick in this month's contest. See previous number of "The Tamarack" for rules—any student of N. C. H. S. is eligible.

YOU may win the \$2 yourself. First month's contributions will be reconsidered in this month's contest. Send it in by December 5th.

HAYES & WOOLLEY CO.
"Quality Corner"



Flowers

Basket Arrangements
Corsages
Gifts for the Graduates

*If From Us It Will Be
Correct*

Spokane Florist Co.

PHONE MAIN 5
513 RIVERSIDE AVE. MOHAWK BLK.

Sterling Printing Co.

All that the
Name Implies

Phone Max. 1666

Dance Programs a Specialty



N. 1801 Division Street
SPOKANE STATE BANK BUILDING

NORTHWESTERN Business College



Is the ONE school where business is taught as it is practiced in business houses.

Visit the school and ask for a demonstration on the latest Burroughs Bank posting machine.

It is a wonderful piece of machinery. The only one in a business college in the northwest.

The Northwestern leads in up-to-date methods and equipment. Come and see.

NORTHWESTERN Business College

Realizing Our Ideals

(Continued from page 56.)

for the visions, the ambitions, and hopes of the race, we would still be barbarians, having no goal, and making no progress. All of the really great men of all time have lived very much on the visionary side of life, and their success lay in being able to work into the humdrum of

everyday existence in the world of action the ideas and the inspirations they received in the inner world.

We have our ideals as a group, as well as individuals, and as a community we will be great only in so far as we realize and actualize these ideals. This realization, however, can come only by ap-

(Continued on page 63.)

HANCHES' SHOE SHINE

611 Riverside Avenue
ENTRANCE HYDE BLOCK



The Best in the City

For Ladies and Gentlemen



Tamale Grotto

Chicken Tamales



SPOKANE, WASH.

Phone Main 1739

520 First Ave.

USE HAZELWOOD

PASTEURIZED CREAM and MILK

in the family and for the children.
Grand Prize given our products at
the 1915 Panama Exposition, San
Francisco, California.



:-Automobile:- ICE SKATES

This line of Skates is made in
Canada and is the finest line
ever shown in Spokane, com-
prising Tubular Hockey,
Screw Hockey with aluminum
tops, Figure and Waltz Skates

\$4.50 to \$12 a Pair

We also have a complete stock
of Winslow and U. S. Skates

75c to \$7.50 a Pair

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Skat-
ing Shoes, a full line of Jerseys,
Sweaters, Mackinaws and
Skating Caps in plain and
North Central colors.

Every player in the Western
Hockey Association uses Auto-
mobile Tubular Skates exclu-
sively.

SPOKANE Hardware Co.

We are Manufacturers of
Your School Pin

Let Us Show Them to You



See Us For Xmas Gifts

Sartori & Wolff

MAKERS OF FINE JEWELRY
10 WALL ST.

*For Clean Sport
and Muscular
Development*

Davenport
Bowling
Alleys

Davenport
Hotel
Bldg.

YOU WILL HAVE NO DIFFICULTY in obtaining a perfect
fit in **GROUND GRIPPER GYM SHOES.**

We carry all sizes and widths. Adopted as the standard athletic
footwear by many of the leading colleges in this country.

Also a full line of basket ball Shoes with suction soles that
"HOLD."

"Home of the Ground Gripper Shoe"

The Rogers Shoe Co.

408 Riverside Ave.

**PINE CREEK
Dairy Company**

168 South Division St.
PHONE RIV. 11

Pure Milk is the best and cheap-
est food on the market today.
Our MILK is PURE.

Mexican Chili Con Carne Hot Chicken Tamales

Scores of our customers have told us that we serve the best TAMALES in town. Try them, today.

We will give a 25 pound box of Staples Delicious Chocolates to the winner of the annual Foot Ball game between North Central and Lewis and Clark.

STAPLES

Realizing Our Ideals

(Continued from page 60.)

plying to to-day's problems the principles that we wish to see enforced to-morrow.

May we then, as a school, cultivate higher ideals, and strive to realize them, thereby creating for our successors a higher standard of achievement and efficiency.

—G. Wesley Safford, June '17.

Sport for Sport's Sake

The best of the game

Is the zest of the game,
And the rest of the game,
Is a bore.

For the best of the game

Make a jest of the game;
And the pest of the game
Is the score.

—L. Fabine.

Who Knows

Greenough's?

I know,

You know,

We know Greenough's

The store of Quality,

The store of Service,

The store of real Economy.

It is always cheapest to buy the Best.

Get it Right

Get it at

Greenough's

Greenough - Hurley Company

521-523 SPRAGUE AVE.

JESSMER BAKERY CO.

Ask for "Lily Bread"
and Jessmer's Pastry

As Good as Can Be Made



We Have Satisfied
Over 500 Students

As to Their **Hair**
Trimming

The Popular Hair Trimming Shop
Located in Hotel Victoria

JOSEF
K RUMMECK
Authority on Hair Trimming

Young Men's
SWEATERS

Jerseys, Overcoats
Mackinaws, Under-
wear and Shoes . .



Mower & Flynnne
Riverside at Monroe



SKATES

The Rink is
NOW OPEN

Agents for
Nester Johnson
SKATES

John T. Little
HARDWARE CO.
118 Wash. St

Our Advertisers

A. & K. Market	Hart, Schaffner & Marx	Ragell's Specialty Shop
Angvire Studio	Hawkeye Fuel Co.	Rogers Shoe Co.
Antlers Candy Co.	Hayes, W. T.	Sartori & Wolff
Art Printing Co.	Hayes & Woolley	Savage Drug Co.
B. & M. Tamale Grotto	Hazelwood Dairy Co.	Schacht, Richard
Black & White Hat Shop	Hill Printing Co.	Scotch Woolen Mills
Borg's Sweet Shop	Hurd, R. J.	Sharrock's
The Bootery	I. X. L. Clothing Co.	Shaw & Borden Co.
Brooks, F. E.	Joyner Drug Co.	Spokane Florist Co.
Brown's Mens Shop	Jessmer Dairy Co.	Spokane Hardware Co.
Crystal Laundry Co.	King Optical Co.	Spokane State Bank
Culbertson-Grote-Rankin Co.	Little, John T.	Staples Cady Co.
Davenport Bowling Alleys	Luther Barber Shop	Star Millinery Co.
Dodson, George R.	Mann, Sid H., & Co.	Sterling Printing Co.
Dolly, L. R.	McEachran, J. C., & Sons	Tomlinson's Inc.
Eastern Outfitting Co.	Merrill's Sweets	Tru Blu Biscuit Co.
Eyler Shoe Co.	Metzger's Market	United Clothing Shop
Fogelquist Clothing Co.	Mission Sweets	Upstairs Price
Forest Park Grocery	Model Boot Shop	Upstairs Shoe Store
Franklin Press	Mower & Flynn	Victoria Barber Shop
Graham, John W., & Co.	Nettleton Shoe Store	Vintler & Nelson
Greenough-Hurley Co.	North Monroe Table Supply	Wart Bros. Hdw. Co.
Greif & Hill	Northwestern Business College	Wentworth Clothing Co.
Gus Hanches Co.	The Palace	Western Soap Co.
Hanches Shoe Shine	Pine Creek Dairy	Wilcox, Mrs.
Hat Box, The		Wolff, J., Optician

A Perfect Under- standing

Of all that the term "Good Printing" implies, modern type and presses, skilled help and a desire to please, equip us to handle your orders to your entire satisfaction.

Our prices as well as our service will be a pleasant surprise to you. Save yourself worry, time and money, by giving your orders for printing to us.

**Art
Printing
Company**

Phone Main 5062
813 W. Trent Ave.



**YOU NEED
Shur-ons
IF YOU NEED
GLASSES**

Eyestrain and Its Insidious Results

Do Not Always Appear Until Later Life

To insure against dangerous consequences in the future, have a "Wolff" eye examination made today. The requirements of the human eye thoroughly understood.

J. WOLFF, Spokane's Leading
Optometrist

14 WALL STREET



The "Wearer" of a "Wentworth" Overcoat is always
the center of attraction.

Come in and see the new pinch back Double Breasters
at **\$18, \$20** and **\$25.**

WENTWORTH CLOTHING HOUSE

Entrance 709 Riverside Avenue